The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 24. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1870—WITH SUPPLEMENT. NO. 83.

FOREIGN.

Failure of All Peace Negotiations Between Favre and Bismark.

Prussia's Ultimatum.

France Rejects the Conditions Offered by Prussia.

"Will Rather Bury Herself Beneath Her own Ruins Than Accept the Conditions."

The Attempted Revolution in Paris.

The French Claim the Advantage in Every One of the Battles Around Paris.

Bazaine Offers a Conditional Capitulation.

The City of Toul Surrendered to the Prussians.

Interview Between King William and Napoleon.

FRANCE.

FAILURE OF ALL NEGOTIATIONS.

TOURS, Sept. 24.—The Provisional Government issued this forenoon the following circular:

The Government for a Constituent Assembly at Bordeaux.

PRUSSIA NOW'S ULTIMATUM.

London, Sept. 25.—The following is the first portion of Victor Hugo's address to the German people:—

"And then a last word. Paris, driven to the last extremity by the bombardment, France, your sister, Paris, your ally, Paris, your brave, your heroic Paris, your city, your capital, Paris, your future, Paris, your hope, Paris, your glory, Paris, your honor, Paris, your duty, Paris, your right, Paris, your life, Paris, your soul, Paris, your God, Paris, your Paris, is dying.

"Germany, Germany, I implore you, I implore you in the name of the dead, in the name of the living, in the name of the future, in the name of the eternal law which you violate, in the name of the eternal justice which you trample under foot, in the name of the eternal conscience which you stifle, in the name of the eternal God whom you blaspheme, I implore you, I implore you, I implore you

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1870.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

For Representative in Congress for the State at Large: General JOHN A. LOGAN.

State Treasurer: PLATO D. SAYER.

Clerk of the Supreme Court: Gen. THOMAS, NEWTON BATEMAN.

Attorney-General: Hon. WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

Congressmen-at-Large: Hon. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE and CASPAR BUTZ.

The committee appointed, by a meeting of Republicans, to wait upon Springfield and confer with the Governor in relation to the appointment for Cook County, are requested to take the Chicago & St. Louis road this evening at 5 o'clock, and to be present at the meeting they are to have on the next morning.

We trust that a number of the committee will call to be present; the matter to be attended to is very important. A great wrong has been done this county from its peculiar geographical position, as president of the late constitution. The districts, as set forth in the proclamation, are justly voted by the whole North Division, except one ward, which cut in the solid, and the county is deprived of nearly one-half its just Senatorial representation. Let us be represented, or we will withhold our support from the ticket on the day of election. Let us be represented by an extended proclamation, and we can but doubt that he will notice the sentiment which the Republican county convention, assembled in the city yesterday, expressed. Let us be represented, or we will withhold our support from the ticket on the day of election. Let us be represented by an extended proclamation, and we can but doubt that he will notice the sentiment which the Republican county convention, assembled in the city yesterday, expressed. Let us be represented, or we will withhold our support from the ticket on the day of election.

DR. CHARLES H. RAY

Dr. Charles H. Ray is dead! The gifted, and accomplished gentleman, whose name is a household word in tens of thousands of families, has passed away. His death, which took place at his residence in Northfield, Illinois, on Friday morning last, will come with all the force of a personal bereavement to all who knew him. Many a family circle will miss the kindly face, and many a fireside will be shadowed by the sorrow that has fallen upon the home of the departed. Dr. Ray was, for many years, the editor of the Chicago Tribune, and, as Wentworth, influential, and popular journalist. It was only a few days ago that we talked with the gifted and genial writer, and found him hopeful of himself, and spoke so encouragingly of his future prospects, and had so many cheering words for his friends. Ray was ever encouraging to think he would, before long, be himself again. Many times he rallied and was almost himself, but the fatal disease fastened upon him, and he has gone to his rest. He was a man of rare gifts, and of a heart overflowing with the kindliest impulses. He was a man of genius, and of the warmest sympathies. He was a man, and he held his dear as a friend. He was not one, perhaps, to attract among the multitude, for he was reserved and sensitive in his nature, but to those who understood him he was a friend, and a companion of rare delightfulness. But those who knew him best, knew his gentle heart, knew how strong his affections were, and how true his faithful nature was in contact with the world. We can listen to his life-story no more. He was bitter against an enemy, but he could not do nor say aught for a friend. We have no desire to unduly crown the memory of the departed with his wrath, and then turn and relieve the waste of a traveling beggar, and give him kindly alms. He was the best friend a young man commencing life could have. He was the best friend a young man could have. He was the best friend a young man could have. He was the best friend a young man

WE
Were going to tell you
NOW
TO
SHOW
TO
THE PUBLIC
That we manufacture all kinds of Custom Clothing
CLOTHING
For Men & Boys' WEAR.
EDWARDS, BLUETT & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
S. P. BELDING & CO.,
96 & 98 RANDOLPH-ST.
CORNER CLARK.

DENTISTS.
D. M. TOWNER,
DENTIST,
181 & 183 West Madison-st.
VITALIZED AIR
GIVEN IN EXTRACTING TEETH.
Extracting Teeth, each, - - 50c
Artificial Teeth, very best, $20 to $25
Cheaper Sets, - - $10 to $15
Solid Gold Fillings, - - $2 to $5
Silver Fillings, - - 50 to $2
TEETH EXTRACTED AND NEW ONES INSERTED AFTER REPLACED.
T. W. BROPHY,
DENTIST,
COMMERCIAL BUILDING,
TEETH EXTRACTED
WITHOUT PAIN.
And new ones immediately inserted when desired.
Artificial Teeth, best series: Set, $25.00
Temporary Sets, $10.00 to $15.00
Gold Fillings, 1.50 to 10.00
Silver, Tin or Cement, 1.00 to 3.00
Cleaning Teeth, 1.00 to 3.00
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

GLASSWARE.
GREEN & BLACK GLASSWARE.
NOTICE TO THE TRADE.
WE HAVE APPOINTED MESSRS. HICKWOOD & CO. SOLE WHOLESALE DEPOSITARIES FOR SALE AND DISTRIBUTION IN CHICAGO, OF GENERAL EASTERN AGENTS for the Sale of the CELEBRATED
BEAVER FALLS GLASS CO.'S
GREEN AND BLACK GLASSWARE.
AND HAVE ALSO APPOINTED THE SAME GENTLEMEN SOLE AGENTS IN CHICAGO FOR THE SALE OF THE CELEBRATED
BEAVER FALLS BOTTLES, DEMIJOHNS, &c.
THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF
J. E. REED, Manager.

FURNITURE.
A. L. HALE & BRO.,
FURNITURE,
10, 12, 14 & 16 North Canal-st.,
CHICAGO.
FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.
WM. W. STRONG,
201 Randolph-st.

TEAS.
TEAS.
Young Hyson Tea, 75c; per lb., or five lbs. for $3.25. Fine Young Hyson, Oolong or Japan, 85c per lb., or five lbs. for $3.85. A full line of Teas at lowest market rates. Subscribe the address.
PEEK TEA COMPANY,
69 Randolph-st., second door west of Dearborn.

FLOUR.
FRESH GROUND
WHITE WINTER WHEAT
FLOUR,
From the New Crop Missouri Wheat.
RETAIL TRADE A SPECIALTY.
IDRIC FLOURING MILLS,
Foot Michigan & S. Water-sts.
J. D. COLE, Jr., Proprietor.

WARNER'S MEDICINES.
WARNER'S
FILE REMEDY.
DYSPEPSIA.
COUGH NO MORE.
WINE OF LIFE.
EMMENAGOGUE.

REAL ESTATE.

New Building Stocks on Wells and Adams.

Description of the Masters Estate—The Parish House.

A. T. Stewart's New York Women's Hotel.

Trouble for the Week.

The Girls of Summer.

We have

Chicago Tug Boats.

Southern Pacific Railroad.

Real Estate Sales.

THE CHURCH CASE.

Opening of the Kenney Will Case.

Reports of the Masters and Law Officers of the Court.

Statements of Hon. Lyman Trumbull and Hon. Conger.

Points and Authorities.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

Resignation of R. B. Phillips.

Trip to San Diego.

Cheap Excursion.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

COMMERCIAL.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

MARRIED BY TELEGRAPH.

AMUSEMENTS.
CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.
The Grand English Opera COMBINATION!
THE ADELY OPERA COMPANY
On MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 3,
Good Chorus and Orchestra.
THE REPERTOIRE OF THE OPENING WEEK
MONDAY—Il Trovatore.
TUESDAY—Martha.
WEDNESDAY—Crown Diamonds.
THURSDAY—Fra Diavolo.
FRIDAY—The Huguenots.
SATURDAY MATINEE—Bohemian Girl.
SATURDAY NIGHT—Martha.
Seats Now on Sale.

METROPOLITAN HALL
TO RENT
MEDICAL CARDS.
Dr. Bigelow.
Chronic Diseases.
Doctor Ohr.
Private Hospital for Ladies.
Dr. Wm.
4 per Sunday.

AMUSEMENTS.
GRAND ARENIC EXPOSITIONS.
THE GREAT
EUROPEAN CIRCUS
MONDAY, September 26.
An Equestrian Exhibition of Surpassing Excellence.
MARINE INTELLIGENCE.
AMUSEMENTS.
GRAND ARENIC EXPOSITIONS.
THE GREAT
EUROPEAN CIRCUS
MONDAY, September 26.
An Equestrian Exhibition of Surpassing Excellence.
CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.
THE CELEBRATED
IRON CONQUEROR, Mr. PIERCE,
WILL APPEAR
THE DEN OF WILD LIONS
THE GORGEOUS STREET PAGEANT,
WITH THE
Live Lion Loose in the Streets.
CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL.
GRAND CONCERT,
For the Benefit of St. John's Episcopal Church,
Tuesday Evening, Sept. 27, 1870.
McVICKER'S THEATRE.
EDWIN BOOTH.
HARRIS'S MUSEUM.
HARRIS'S THEATRE.
MANNING'S MINSTRELS.
MARTINE'S
DANCING ACADEMIES
Will Open October
BOURNIQUE'S
DANCING ACADEMY,
OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
DANCING.
Avenue Hall,
147 Twenty-Second.
DEXTER PARK.
Good News and More Sport.
RAILROADS.
Arrival and Departure of Trains
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
MUSIC.
FRENCH FAIR.

AUCTION SALES.
REMOVED TO
REAL ESTATE.
AT 12 O'CLOCK.
WM. A. BUTTERS & CO. Auctioneers.
CITY OF CHICAGO.
North Side Property
AT AUCTION.
63 BUILDING LOTS
DWELLING HOUSE AND LOT,
AT AUCTION.
DWELLING HOUSE AND LOT,
320 North Wells-st.,
AT AUCTION.
WOOLLEN GOODS, BLANKETS, GERMANTOWN KNIT GOODS,
AT AUCTION.
4 LOTS IN RAVENSWOOD,
AT AUCTION.
ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
AT AUCTION.
Splendid Collection of
ENGLISH BOOKS,
DIRECT FROM EUROPE
AT AUCTION.
DRY GOODS.
CHAS. H. BROWNE
WILL SELL AT AUCTION OF
OIL PAINTINGS,
54 FINE RESIDENCE LOTS
AT AUCTION.
300 BUILDING LOTS,
AT AUCTION.
GEO. P. CORE & CO.,
CLOTHING.
BARGAINS IN BOOTS.
BARGAINS IN SHOES.
Eleven Hundred Cases
BOOTS AND SHOES,
FURNITURE.
AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE.

THE TWO NAPOLEONS.

Some stanzas from Lord Byron's famous Ode to Napoleon, Buonaparte, will be read with peculiar interest, from the remarkable resemblance which they apply to the circumstances of Napoleon III.

"Is there—but recreance a blot!
And enmity with honor knit!
And may there not a sensitive thing
In shape—yet of a thing
To that the blush of Scotland spreads,
Who greeted our wars with hostile hands,
Yet felt for her blood when it bled?
Nine be, nineteen the listening star,
Nor must our fame rush from afar?

Ill-minded man! why scorn'st thy kind
Who bowed before the throne?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou thought'st the rest to see.
With mighty self-exaltation power to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipped thee!
Nor will the hall could mention grave
Amidmen's foes the dastardest.

Thanks for that lesson! It will teach
To after-warriors more
What high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite,
That lied them to adore
Those Pagan of naked sway
With heads of stone and feet of clay.

The whimper and the vanity,
The mere of the mockery!
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre and that sway
Which earth beneath you trod,
All (spoke!—the conqu'ring word must be
The weakness of thy instinct!

The Destroyer deplores!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of peace and war!
A suppliant for his own!
And like a vulgar beggar, he
Who wears your sceptre can ne'ermay cope!
Of dread of meaner things!
Or fix a person—of his a throne!
Thy victim's ashes rest!

He who of old would rend mankind,
Prometheus of the mountain bonds—
Chained by the trunk he long defied—
Lies—how look'd he round?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
All earth subdued, mad none to meet,
All further foes had bent or fled;
He fell, for heaven to power;
But thou, oh! thou canst only bear
Thyself—and glory is over!

The Roman, when his leaden breast
Was filled with thoughts of lead,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart
In gloom without dread;
And when his bloody funeral pile
Of self-upheld abandoned power,

The Scandal, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast down a throne to take away
An empire for a cell;
A stirless monument of his hands,
A noble fragment on crumbs,
His mighty substance yet
Tho better had he matched his might
With meaner objects!

But there—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To wonder the weakness clung;
As evil spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think thou God's mercy of earth bowed
Of the world—and to be proud!

And earth hath spoke: nor blood for blood,
Without compunction, the unfeeling flesh
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair France! not as the slaves that bow
When thou thy sight from mere fear
In hundred of years—
Oh! never may tyrants leave behind
A blighter name to curse mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thine in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen earth's stain!
If thou hadst died on honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To chain the world again—
But who would hope redeemed
To set in such a starless night?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy name, Napoleon, we just
To all that pass away!
But yet remembered evil never stood
Some nether spirits should as mate,
To dazzle and delude,
Nor doom's darkness could thus make mirth
Of those, the conquerors of the earth.

There was a day—there was an hour
While earth was gazing on,
When God commander now power
Granted to thee in turn
Had been an act worth a throne!
Thou gathers round Himself name
And girded thy sword
Through the long battlefield of time
Deeds—not to be abhorred!

But thou forgone most new day,
And God the purge vain—
As if that hand of mine might wring
Retribution from thy stain!
Where is that fatal sword? Where
The powerless thou ever fond to wear;
The star, so splendor and so fell?
Vain, frowned ender of oceans! say
Are all thy plaything scarred over?
—Napoleon.

A DREAM AT SEVILLE.

To use a favorite modern idiom, I had "done" Seville. I had seen the religious processions which enliven the Holy Week, and seen the first bull-fight of the season; I had visited the gardens of the Alcazar, built through the superb gardens of the Duke of Montpensier. As the Duke is the husband of Don Joan, the commandant, and his daughter.

When this play of Lyrics, Sonnets and Ballads, I once more found myself seated in the theatre, greatly recess, and gazing at the three tombs, the figures in which were to act to the following conditions. The great libertine himself, Don Juan Tenorio, Honorato, and Don Luis, son of Don Pedro the Cruel, King of Spain, being altogether destitute of a face, easily surpassed all competitors in the part. I had a fine opportunity for repeating Hamlet's colloquy in the churchyard, with only Yorick's skull for the occasion. I could say that Don Juan had a month, and could sing once; nay, that his living representative, as he stood on the stage, sat that even the stone copy of his lips had once passed over them. But I had not the pert and unlimited to use one and the other. The opportunity was not to be resisted, and I was accordingly engaged for the evening. When I found myself cheered by the gradual appearance of features on the flimsy forehead, the figures, as the lights descended, were clearly not of stone; but of actual flesh and blood. Even the dress of the actors did not depart, and seemed to cover itself with the semblance of clothes—not clothes as in the old Andalusian fashion, but in the transition state through which the figure was evidently passing, and a great deal. I could see my entire amazement, that the features at which I gazed were my own. A moment afterward I found myself standing on the stage, and I found myself extended on a remarkably hard couch.

I moved my hands and arms somewhat stiffly, and gradually raised myself. My companions had departed, and I was left to my side, likewise a guitar, likewise a sword. I was still in the grotto, and so were the figures of the consolidated Don Juan Tenorio, the ghost of Don Juan was gone, and the place where it had been was occupied by the statue, perhaps I was insensible, perhaps it was I, and not the gallant Don, who had passed into nonentity.

My difficulties were somewhat philosophically resolved by a train which proceeded from the figure of the statue.

"Consolation began almost soon, and absorption began to manifest itself. The wanderers from the North, however, did not remain there long enough among them, are, and clearing out—thus, that the ghost of Don Juan was the only lessee of the place. Then art now identified with the mortal who took my life, and on whom I was so fearfully revenged. In short, whereof Pythagoras spake not, there art now Don Juan Tenorio.

I was horrified, but not altogether displeased. The love of fame, we are taught by Dr. Young, is the universal passion; and if Lord Byron awoke one morning and found himself famous, as he is said to have done, to sleep, arrived at a similar result. Hence horror soon gave place to the most perfect satisfaction. I glided on exultingly, and I charged on the planed hat; but I left the guitar where it was, feeling that, as I was no master of the instrument, it would simply be an encumbrance.

The robe burst out into an awful, but certainly hearty laugh.

"Thou hast set forth to a brilliant career," it said. "And evil as that ever best been, thou shalt not be straitened through lack of means. I gather that guitar from the grave, and then will find a purse, which will remain inexhaustible till thou tortured Hades."

"A purse of Fortunatus, I presumed with delight, when I had obeyed the injunction of the voice.

"I never heard of Fortunatus," growled the voice, "but I flatter myself that my purse is perfectly satisfactory. Take it, and with my property, I shall always look after you, and you and thou I shall be together for ever. You will recognize me by the coldness of my stern hand, and by my utter want of fear."

Very good! I was to be the hero of a romance, called to earn about particulars: they let me know all in due time.

No sooner had I spoken these words, than I found myself in the Plaza Nueva, the principal square of Seville, and I was seated upon the seats, before cafés were making the most musical noise in their hands. Arabs were selling cakes in their baskets, water-carriers, with their jars, were vociferously inviting persons to drink (half persons by beverage: in short, I was in the centre of modern Andalusian life.

Had I been in London, I should assuredly have attracted a mob of boys, and should have found myself in the police-office in the station-house in the great square of Seville, though I certainly was dressed differently from other people, as to have spared the measure of solicitude. The costumes in Seville are too picturesque, and fashions of strange clothes agreeable, and the only persons by whom I was actually perplexed were those who were dressed in the most modern style. I confess that I was myself pelled by a desire to follow strangers of picturesque appearance. As far as I could perceive, I was the only person who had not a cloak. I formed the theory that I was a newly-arrived English, or French, or German, and that my costume was proper to the city. I therefore deemed it expedient to purchase a large cloak, which, flung across my shoulder, concealed my hands, and to endeavor my manner but for an Andalusian cap, or sombrero. Not being able to find one, I purchased the next finest thing, and all.

Well, I to wonder the Andalusian habit in legitimate case? Was I simply to quaff wine, eat from the glasses proffered by the waiters, and then to pay the bill? Was I to be a mere idler? Or was I to achieve some adventure worthy the audience of Don Juan Tenorio? Something of the kind, I presumed, and my doubts were resolved by a loud report, a shrieking and clamoring, which I could hear from the side of a lemon-seller. On this first flower of the city, and from the direction of Seville, and from the direction of Seville, and females, who were running in all directions, accompanied by the yelling which I had seen in the theatre. Then I heard the report of a musket, and I saw a man fall. I saw the man fall. I saw the man fall. I saw the

THE TWO NAPOLEONS.

Some stanzas from Lord Byron's famous Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte, will be read with peculiar interest, from the resemblance of the fate which they apply to the circumstances of Napoleon III.

Thou—thou—hast yesterday a king!
And ages hence with shame to utter!
Around thy throne a motley ring
So foul—so fallen—so fit to flatter!
Should factions rise and wars advance,
Once more that throne will be thy station,
Alas! that such a curse can chance
To any nation!

But worse and worse will be thy fate—
With double loss the altar closes;
Thy scepter and thy throne—no more
Shall be thine own—
Thy right shall fade from day to day,
Thy people's hope—thy children's stay—
Thy sword—thy counsels—all betray
The woes they gave—
And future thousands, as they rise,
Shall curse the name of Napoleon!

Farewell and with thee take
Thy world of woe
Back to the gulf from which thou hadst no power
To pass in peace a single day.
Thy functions o'er, thy vices known,
Thy hopes cut off from all thy own,
Thy sins upon thy head alone—
Depart!
Thy subjects hail their fall with joy,
Thy wife—thy child—thy friends—destroy
All feelings save of hate for thee—
And all thou hast spared to see
Is—thou!

Fortune fled from her favorite child,
Thy very memory breeds defiance;
Thy name a terror—and thy fate a lesson to the earth!

SITUATIONS WANTED.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A MIDDLE-AGED man, as coachman and gardener; can milk; has no objection to the country; is sober and industrious; has a good character from his last employer. Call at 45 Fifth-av.

SITUATION WANTED—AS ACCOUNTANT or salesman by a young man who has had several years' experience in both capacities; can furnish the best of references. Address A. B., Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN of steady habits, as porter in a wholesale house or bank; has had two years' experience in the city; can furnish good recommendations. Address A. B. C., Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN who has had two years' experience in the city as porter in a wholesale house; can furnish good recommendations. Address A. B. C., Tribune office.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN of steady habits, as porter in a wholesale house or bank; has had two years' experience in the city

RUSSIAN GERMANIA!

The striking news of which the following is a translation, has been withheld by Bismarck from the German people for a purpose. Will it be a popularity or a boomerang?

Hear, hear, ye people, and come and night,
Hear all the world both, wanting bright,
Hear all the world both, wanting bright,
Hear all the world both, wanting bright